grahs.

Sept. 1719.

YE Gallants so pretty, in fair London City,
Give Ear to this Ditty, which now I shall write,
A comical Story, and fit for a Tory,
And for to please you is all his Delight:
He'll talk of old Jack, Will, Simon and Harry,
And so any of the Presbyterian Crew,
And writhing each Whig in love strange Land to tarry,
That they may not any more trouble you.

Old Noll and the Devil, when in a close hug sir,
Inventing of Mischief most every Night,
In pulling down Churches, and bathing up Meetings,
May Bonefires and Slaughter was all their Delight:
They murdered their king to begin the treason,
And many more Fashions which I shall not name,
O vile Presbyterians what have you been doing,
I'm sorr it is what you would be at again.

You fain would be at the Church with your tongues full of Venom
And cannot be quiet to let it alone,
you fain would be Kingsels, but under a Colour,
you pretend to love him, and him you will own,
But let us take care of your Cant and fine whridle,
Remember the year of Old Forty One,
when Canters did flourish, and Church almost perish,
And all the whig Africans than it was done.

I pray for the King and for each honest Tory,
That stands by the Church, and will ne'er trust a whig,
Keep up the Church Rights in all its bright Glory,
And value no Rumper, tho' never so big,
And value no Canters, nor true Church dissenters,
with a full Glass in hand, to the Memory of Anne,
who stood for the Church Boys, and never would flinch,
tho' in her Royal Oath she would ne'r stir an inch.

Here's wars and fighting, and Rumours of battle,
a Noise about nothing I know not of what,
from S--- to H---, they all tumble over,
The Czar and the Germans they all go to pot,
Here's march and remarch, here's coming and going,
Here's fighting and killing, and ne're a blow struck,
Here's desperate doings of killing and wounding
If ever any one dies, i'm sure it's bad Luck.

Here's cheating and bubling, and all in a bustle,
Contriving to fend all the Money away,
Here's whoring and scoring, great Number of Cuckolds
Each Man he does strive his Neighbour to betray
Here's catch as catch can Sir, a turd is high Treason,
a dozen or thirteen fows to a wise man,
And he is the best that does sit and say nothing,
but to sup with his wife, and to bed like a man.

Sometimes there is pressing, and pulling and hauling,
They tell us the Spaniards have landed their Men,
And then sir before we the Thames can get over,
There comes an Express they're gone back again
They talk for the Rebels to Scotland are coming,
And there's bloody doings, the Chevalier's there,
So then in a hurry an army is raised,
when they come to Scotland, he's at France I declare.

Thus you do see how the world is confused,
These blockheads and Ninnies they spoil all our trade,
there's hundreds of Shopkeepers now in the City
are daily contriving which way to get bread:
The weavers they tear all the Callico Gowns,
and make the poor women go nakedand bare,
There are thoulands of trades to complain has more reason
The folks have no Money to buy up their ware.